THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 24, 1803.

An Account of ancient and modern Courſing; with Anecdotes of the late Lord Orford, of Houghton.

[From "The Sportſman's Cabinet."]

THE greyhound, under the ancient name of gaze-hound, formed one of the earlieſt dogs of the chace, and, from the very nature of his firſt appellation, was intended only to run by ſight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the ſports of the field; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, King John was wont to accept of greyhounds; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain thoſe of a ſuperior deſcription, is not to be aſcertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and ſomewhat reſembling the one uſed by warreners; and in the oldeſt pictures now extant on the ſubject, the ſpaniel, and ſometimes the pointer, accompanied the ſportſman in what was at that period denominated courſing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren-mongrel, reſembling more the ſhaggy wolf-dog of former times than any ſporting dog of the preſent day. The wolds of Yorkſhire, which, like the wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word "wilds," appear, from the dates of pariſh books, to have been infeſted with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries at Flixton, Stackſton, and Folkton, in the eaſt riding of Yorkſhire, are ſtill to be ſeen memoranda of payments made for the deſtruction of wolves, at a certain rate per head. They uſed to breed in the cars below, among the ruſhes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time come up from their dens, and unleſs the ſheep had been previouſly driven into the town, or the ſhepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were deſtroyed; it being obſerved of

all wild animals, that, when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course, commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolves having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie, unhoused, upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage; but when the owner (or protector) lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This, most likely, was the earliest stage of the gaze or greyhound, wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state, they had many good points, as straight firm legs, round, hard, fox-hound, feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also; during "the merry days of good queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace or two of deer pulled down by greyhounds, after dinner; and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game, the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day began to form themselves into meetings of more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the coursing magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very

sterile

ſterile deſcription. Pointers were uſed for the purpoſe of finding the game, and when any of theſe made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a neceſſary prelude to the ſport which was to enſue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already deſcribed; rough and heavy, with ſtrength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be neceſſary to break through. To found the æra of improved courſing, and for introducing greyhounds of ſuperior form and higher blood, was reſerved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the moſt diſtant counties feel themſelves gratefully juſtified in drinking as their firſt toaſt, "the memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and conſiſtent courſing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthuſiaſm, "the memory of the earl of Orford."

It is the diſtinguiſhing trait of genius to be enthuſiaſtically bold and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or ſcience, nothing in mental or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of ſuperior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous ſenſe of eager avidity, which, to the cold, inanimate, and unimpaſſioned, bears the appearance, and ſometimes the unqualified accuſation, of inſanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a moſt heroic action maintained againſt one of his own fleets, and ſeemed conſiderably chagrined at the reſult, the then lord of the admiralty endeavoured to qualify and ſoften down the matter, by aſſuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals!"

Lord Orford had abſolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himſelf diſpoſed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and courſing was his moſt prevalent paſſion, beyond every other pleaſurable conſideration. In conſequence of his moſt extenſive property, and his extra influence as lord lieutenant of the county, he not only intereſted numbers of opulent neighbours in the diverſion, but, from the extent of his connections, could command ſuch an immenſity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making ſuch occaſional ſelections from which, that few, if any, beſide himſelf, could poſſeſs.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a ſingle whelp till he had a fair and ſubſtantial trial of his ſpeed, he had evident chances (beyond almoſt any other individual) of having, among ſo great a number, a collection of very ſuperior dogs; but ſo intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went ſtill farther, in every poſſible direction, to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental croſs, from the Engliſh lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had ſtrongly

indulged an idea of a ſucceſsful croſs with the bull-dog, which he could never be diveſted of; and after having perſevered (in oppoſition to every opinion) moſt patiently for ſeven removes, he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of the beſt greyhounds ever yet known; giving the ſmall ear, the rat tail, and the ſkin almoſt without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound ſhould poſſeſs, retaining which inſtinctively, he would rather die than relinquiſh the chace.

One defect only this croſs is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair ſportſman would come willingly forward to demonſtrate. To the former, it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the ſenſe of ſmelling in a more exquiſite degree than the bull-dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain croſſes, beſt anſwer the midnight purpoſes of the poacher, in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this croſs have therefore ſome tendency to run by the noſe, which, if not immediately checked by the maſter, they will continue for miles, and become very deſtructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or reſtraint.

Having neceſſarily adverted to the father of modern courſing, ſome diſtinguiſhing traits of his character (replete with anecdote) can prove no deviation from the deſcriptive variety previouſly promiſed in the courſe of the work. No man ever ſacrificed ſo much time or ſo much property to practical or ſpeculative ſporting as the late earl of Orford; whoſe eccentricities are too firmly inſcribed upon "the tablet of memory" ever to be obliterated from the diverſified rays of retroſpection. Inceſſantly engaged in the purſuit of ſport and new inventions, he introduced more whimſicalities, more experimental genius, and enthuſiaſtic zeal, than any man ever did before him, or moſt probably any other man may ever attempt to do again.

Among the experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red deer (ſtags) in a phaeton inſtead of horſes, and theſe he had reduced to perfect diſcipline for his excurſions and ſhort journies upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were accidentally ſaluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, who, ſoon after croſſing the road in the rear, immediately caught ſcent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chace with "breaſt high" alacrity. The novelty of this ſcene was rich beyond deſcription; in vain did his lordſhip exert all his charioteering ſkill; in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect; off they ſet with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phæton, in the midſt of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his nameſake.

Luckily,

Luckily, however, his lordſhip had been accuſtomed to drive this Hudibraſtic ſet of "fiery-eyed" ſteeds to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was, moſt happily, at hand, and to this his lordſhip's fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they ſuddenly bounded, to the diſmay of oſtlers and ſtable-boys, who ſeemed to have loſt every faculty upon the occaſion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the ſtags, the phæton, and his lordſhip, were all inſtantaneouſly huddled together in a large barn, juſt as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

This ſingular circumſtance, although moſt luckily attended with no accident, effectually cured his lordſhip's paſſion of deer-driving; but his invincible zeal for courſing, and his undiminiſhed rage for its improvement, remained with him to the laſt. No day was too long, or any weather too ſevere for him: thoſe who have ever ſeen him, can never forget the extreme laughable ſingularity of his appearance. Mounted on a ſtump of a pye-balled poney (as uniformly broad as he was long), in a full ſuit of black, without either great coat or gloves, his hands and face crimſoned with cold, and, in a fierce cocked hat, facing every wind that blew; and, while his gamekeepers were ſhrinking from the ſand-gathering blaſts of Norfolk, on he rode, like old Lear, regardleſs of the elements;

"Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
"You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
"'Till you have drench'd the ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!"

for, innately warm with the predominance of his paſſion for ſport, he ſet at defiance ſtorms of every deſcription.

At a particular period of his life, when

"The ſprings of nature roſe above their level,"

there was a neceſſity for ſome degree of medical coercion, to bring them again within the bounds of prudent regulation. During this ſcene of unavoidable ſuſpenſion from his favourite purſuits, the extreme attention ſhewn to him by a perſon who regulated his domeſtic concerns ſo much influenced his nicer ſenſations, that he dedicated to her the moſt tender and grateful affection during her life. The circumſtance of her death (though by no means young or handſome) ſo much affected his lordſhip, that the nerves, before unſtrung, again gave way, and the former malady returned with increaſing violence. He was at this time confined, with an attendant neceſſary to the diſordered ſtate of his mind; but, with all that latent artifice for which objects of this deſcription are ſo remarkable, he contrived, by ſome plauſible pretext, to get his keeper out of the room, inſtantly jumped out of the window, ran to the ſtables,

and

and ſaddled his pye-balled poney, at the very time he well knew the grooms and ſtable attendants were all engaged.

On that day, his favourite bitch, old Czarina, was to run a match of much magnitude: the game-keepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were aſſembled, equally lamenting the abſence of his lordſhip, and the cauſe by which his preſence was prevented; when, at the very moment of mutual regret and condolence, who ſhould appear, at full ſpeed, on the pye-balled poney, but Lord Orford himſelf!

" His preſence all boſoms appeared to diſmay,
" His friends ſtood in ſilence and fear;"

but none had power to reſtrain him; all attempts and entreaties were in vain: the match he was determined to ſee, and no perſuaſions whatever could influence him to the contrary. Finding no endeavours could divert him from the ecſtatic expectation he had formed, the greyhounds were ſtarted, and Czarina won. During the courſe, no human power or exertion could prevent him from riding after the dogs, more particularly as his favourite bitch diſplayed her ſuperiority in every ſtroke; when, in the moment of the higheſt exultation and the eagerneſs of his triumph, unfortunately falling from his poney, and pitching upon his head (whether occaſioned by apoplexy, or ſuch contuſion upon the ſkull as inſtantly affected the brain), he almoſt immediately expired, to the inexpreſſible grief of thoſe who ſurrounded him at the laſt moment of his life; individually convinced, that courſing was the predominant idea,

" Still liv'd the ruling paſſion ſtrong in death."

A man of more ſimple manners, more liberal conſtructions, or of a more courteous nature, never was known to conſtitute a part of benevolent and philanthrophic ſociety. All the urbanities of life were his, and he ſeemed by nature formed to attract the moſt grateful attention: generally acquainted as he was, from his rank as well as from his ſporting purſuits, with every condition of perſons, from the prince to the peaſant, his converſation was happily ſuited to each, and equally winning with them all.

The prince of Wales, when occaſionally viſiting his lordſhip on a ſhooting party, ſaw at no other place ſuch a profuſion of game of every deſcription; ſuch a diſplay of attendant game-keepers; ſuch a noble, though plain hoſpitality, as at Houghton; and a park ſo curiouſly and infinitely ſtocked with beaſt and fowl of almoſt every country, from the African bull to the pelican of the wilderneſs.

DOMESTIC INFIDELITY.

(Concluded from Page 313.)

AS ſoon as we reached the apartment, I locked the door, to prevent any interruption to our diſcourſe; and after walking up and down the room in a violent agitation, drew a chair, and ſeated myſelf by the ſide of my wife. "Henry," ſaid ſhe, after pauſing a few moments, "I feel, my dear Henry, that I have been to blame, but do not, I implore you, think I have been guilty, for I cannot exiſt, if I have forfeited your love!"

"Emma," I replied with a firmneſs in my accent, totally foreign to the feelings of my heart, "I demand an explanation of the treatment I have met with; I may pardon the errors you have been guilty of, but I will not be deceived." "I will not attempt to deceive you," ſaid the agitated Emma, "Sellenger unfortunately had drank too much wine; he attempted to ſalute me; Binfield entered at the moment, and accuſed him of entertaining a bad deſign; ſhe likewiſe declared ſhe would inform you of what ſhe had witneſſed. Sellenger's indignation was rouſed; I burſt into tears; at that unfortunate period you entered the parlour. This is the whole truth, not a ſyllable has been concealed." "We have both been materially to blame," ſaid I, "that is evident, you in encouraging the attentions of Sellenger, and myſelf in inviting a diſſipated young man to my houſe. I ought to have known that frailty was attached to human nature: I ought to have reflected upon the difference there is in our years; and I ought likewiſe to have remembered, that the affections of a woman are under the dominion of folly and caprice. As you tell me Binfield was alarmed by the impropriety of Sellenger's behaviour, it is neceſſary that ſhe ſhould know that you have candidly ſtated every thing that paſſed, and in her preſence I truſt you will not have any objection to repeat the circumſtances over again."

"I—I think, my dear Henry," replied the agitated Emma, you had better merely ſay that your friend was going to quit the houſe; for I know not how it is, but I do not like the idea of her thinking any thing unpleaſant can have paſſed between us." Still, however, I was not to be diſſuaded from my purpoſe, but ſummoned Binfield into the room, when my wife inſtantly caſt an imploring look toward her, as if to intreat that ſhe would hold her tongue.

"Binfield," ſaid I, "you have now been in my family upwards of ſixteen years, and your fidelity has been ſuch that I can no longer conſider you as a ſervant, but ſhall henceforth treat you in the light of a friend. I find, from Mrs. Cunningham, that you witneſſed the improper behaviour of Sellenger; that you actually ſaw him endeavour to ſalute my wife. I truſt

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he did not attempt to infringe any further upon the laws of hoſpitality; tell me, did ſhe call for your aſſiſtance, or did you accidentally go into the room?"

"Sir," replied Binfield, "I intreat that you will not aſk me any queſtions; Mr. Sellenger has this inſtant quitted the houſe, and I have only to hope that the impropriety of her conduct will not in future deſtroy your domeſtic peace." So ſaying, ſhe hurried out of the apartment, leaving me a prey to a thouſand diſtreſſing fears. At that inſtant, the cries of our little Edward claimed the attention of that being, who had given him exiſtence, and ſhe quitted the dreſſing-room, for the purpoſe of affording him that nouriſhment which his complaining voice ſeemed to demand. I was perſuaded by Binfield's manner that ſhe knew more than ſhe thought proper to tell me. The idea of my honour having been wounded through the treachery of the man I was treating with the utmoſt friendſhip, was an exceſs of miſery which I was ſcarcely able to ſuſtain; and it was abſolutely neceſſary that I ſhould baniſh all ſuſpicions of my wife's infidelity, or be convinced that ſhe had forfeited all claims upon my heart.

While my mind was in this miſerable ſtate of agitation, I was ſent for to a gentleman of diſtinction, who lived near twenty miles from my houſe. I was abſolutely unable to take leave of my Emma, but left word with the ſervant, that I ſhould not return until the next morn. A bed was prepared for me by the order of my patient, but ſleep was a total ſtranger to my eyes; I therefore pretended I was under the neceſſity of being at home very early, and arrived at my own dwelling about half paſt five. I was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing a country-fellow lurking about the premiſes, and of courſe demanded what buſineſs he had. The utmoſt confuſion was viſible in his countenance, and he informed me he wanted to ſpeak with one of the maids. Seizing him by the collar, I ſwore he was a robber; upon which the terrified fellow dropped upon his knees, and inſtantly drew a letter from his pocket, which was addreſſed to Mrs. Mary Green. The hand-writing I inſtantly knew to be Sellenger's. Green was the name of my wife's favourite maid. I gave the fellow half a crown for the alarm I had given, but threatened to impriſon him if he went near the ſpot where the letter had been received. I tore it open with ſenſations more dreadful than can be imagined; my brain abſolutely ſeemed on fire. The contents were as follows, and as ſoon as I had peruſed them, I charged my piſtols, and flew to the ſpot which the villain had named.

"How, my adored Emma, ſhall I atone for the imprudence I have been guilty of, or rather tell me how I can reſtore peace to thy agitated heart? Fool that I was, in a moment of madneſs, to deſtroy that happineſs which we have taſted ſo many months. Binfield muſt be bribed; my fortune is at your diſpoſal: for

God's ſake, my beloved, make her your friend. The ſituation in which ſhe found us, may perhaps induce her to be exorbitant, but if a thouſand pounds will inſure her ſecreſy, in an hour it will be at your command.

" I write to you from Cobham, my own deareſt Emma. I am now ſeated in that room in which I firſt perſuaded you to be unfaithful to your marriage vow. For Heaven's ſake, my angel, contrive to come to me; I ſhall expect you between the hours of ten and four. I muſt conſult you, reſpecting my behaviour to your —— Oh, my angel! I cannot bring myſelf to write the word; but in ſpite of human ties, you are mine in the eyes of Heaven, though it is neceſſary to conceal our intercourſe from the world.

" Farewell, my dear, my beloved Emma. I ſhall expect you with impatience not to be deſcribed.

" C. S."

With the impaſſioned phrenzy of a madman, I flew to Cobham, and without aſking any queſtions darted up ſtairs. The villain who had diſhonoured me was enjoying a refreſhing ſlumber, and the firſt idea that ſtruck me, was to blow out his brains. Fortunately, however, religion came to my aſſiſtance, and I ſhuddered with horror at the thought I had entertained; I called him by his name, deſired him to riſe, and defend himſelf; when, alarmed at the ſound of my voice, he ſprang out of bed. My agitation was too great for me to remember what paſſed between us. I only know that he promiſed to meet me in a couple of hours, alleging, that as it was poſſible he might fall in the conteſt, it was neceſſary for him to arrange his affairs. The propriety of this meaſure, inſtantly ſtruck me; that I was the father of three children occurred to my mind, and I determined to return home, ſet my affairs in order, and appoint guardians to theſe dear innocents, who had the ſtrongeſt claims upon my heart. As I had time for collecting and arranging my ideas, I thought it proper to impart my intention to a friend. He accompanied me to the ſpot, which had been fixed upon between us; but after waiting near an hour Sellenger did not make his appearance, and upon my ſeeking him at Cobham, I heard he had ſet off for town.

I again returned to my houſe, and ordered the carriage, when Binfield informed me Emma was ill in bed. Without knowing what I ſaid, I deſired the apothecary might be ſent for; then ſpringing into the carriage, commanded my children to be brought. My two elder boys were delighted at the thought of going with me, but my little Edward refuſed to quit the arms of his nurſe; upon which, without ſuffering her to return for her hat, I made her get in with him, and in leſs than half an hour I arrived at my mother's houſe. The diſtraction of my mind was viſible in my countenance, and my poor mother ſeemed to think my

mind was deranged; that Emma was dead, inſtantly occurred to her imagination, and ſhe was abſolutely fearful of mentioning her name.

At length, in fearful accents, ſhe enquired what had happened; "Oh, nothing, nothing extraordinary," I replied, "Emma is going to the ſea; you muſt take care of thoſe dear infants; all their things ſhall be ſent after them in time." So ſaying, I embraced them alternately, and without uttering another ſyllable hurried out of the houſe. Again I returned to my miſerable habitation, the ſcene of paſt felicity, but the wreck of my repoſe; wrote the following lines to the loſt Emma, and ordered the ſervants implicitly to obey her commands.

To Mrs. Cunningham,

"The ſecret is divulged—but no reproaches from me. Oh, Emma, Emma, what have you done! I cannot behold a being who has diſhonoured me; but if you are not loſt to every ſenſe of virtue, you will ſeek refuge in your father's arms.

"The villain, who under the maſk of friendſhip has deſtroyed my felicity, is unworthy even the tenderneſs which he inſpired; the daſtardly coward has refuſed to give a gentleman's ſatisfaction for the treacherous blow which he has aimed at my heart. My children are placed under the care of my mother, who will endeavour to ſupply the place of the parent they have loſt. Parent, did I ſay, oh, ſhame to the appellation! but I have ſworn not to utter the language of reproach.

"Incloſed, I ſend you a bill for a hundred pounds upon my banker, and you ſhall receive another at the end of ſix months, if you chooſe to ſeek an aſylum with your father; but if you fly to the protection of your ſeducer, by him you muſt be maintained.

"Farewell for ever—Loſt and undone Emma, to what a ſtate of wretchedneſs and miſery is your unfortunate huſband reduced!"

"CUNNINGHAM."

I then ſent for Green, paid her the wages due to her, but forbade her from entering her miſtreſs's room; and to prevent the poſſibility of her breaking through this order, deſired Binfield to remain with her while ſhe packed up her clothes. To that faithful creature, I delivered my letter to Mrs. Cunningham, but deſired it might not be delivered until I had quitted the houſe; I then viſited my patients, dined with the only friend to whom I had communicated my misfortune, and returned to my deſerted manſion about eight o'clock. I found that Emma had ordered a poſt-chaiſe about two hours after my departure, but inſtead of going to her father, had taken the road to town, and by this action evinced ſhe was totally loſt to virtue, and wiſhed not even to keep up the appearance of delicacy with the world.

My

My feelings were ſo hurt, my affections ſo cruelly wounded, that I could not bear even the ſociety of my friends. Every object around me reminded me of my loſt Emma, and the deepeſt dejection took poſſeſſion of my mind. My life was not only irkſome, but abſolutely inſupportable; at length I determined to try the effect of change of ſcene; I diſpoſed of my profeſſion, ſold my houſe and furniture, and placed all the property I had realized in the funds. I have in vain endeavoured to diſperſe the gloom which overſpreads me by travelling: alas! Mr. Editor, I find that my ſorrows purſue me wherever I go; the diſtreſs is in my mind, and change of ſituation, though it may diſſipate for a moment, cannot obliterate grief. All my ideas were centered in domeſtic happineſs. I loved my ill-fated Emma far dearer than life, and I deplore her deviation from virtue, with an anguiſh that is indeſcribable. Never did man more completely adore a wife. She openly reſides with the deſtroyer of my felicity. She has brought her wretched father with ſorrow to the grave; ſhe is even become loſt to every maternal feeling, for ſhe has never expreſſed a wiſh of ſeeing the dear innocents to whom ſhe has given birth.

May my misfortunes prove a beacon to warn all affectionate huſbands againſt introducing their boſom friends to the ſociety of their wives, as there is no accounting for the frailty and imperfection of human nature, and temptation ought not to be thrown in their way. I am,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

HENRY CUNNINGHAM.

To Gentlemen intereſted in Wool and Woollens.

HAVING received ſeveral poſt letters on that ſubject, I ſubmit this at preſent as a general anſwer.

By his majeſty's former miniſters I was commiſſioned to inquire into Britiſh trade in the Mediterranean, and to recommend means for increaſing it; and from Lord Grenville I received official notice, that my informations (tranſmitted from Italy), were of great national importance; but the adoption of propoſed meaſures was then ſuſpended by ſudden political changes.

Among the informations alluded to were certain plans for increaſing the conſumption of our woollen goods, (in the Mediterranean, Levant, &c.) to a degree for balancing any loſſes, by being excluded from Italy or other continental markets.

The period being now at hand for ſecuring that valuable branch of commerce, I lately tranſmitted to his majeſty's preſent government a commercial ſtatement on the foregoing ſubject, who did not oppoſe my giving a copy of the ſame to thoſe materially intereſted, which I ſhall do, if applied to perſonally

ſonally or by letters; and I will further explain any parts of the ſtatement, if a meeting is convened in a manufacturing county, provided I am not, in either caſe, at any expence.

I alſo, in the ſaid ſtatement, pointed out the abſolute neceſſity of granting drawbacks of the whole exciſe on ſoap, and of the whole duty on olive oil, conſumed in all woollen manufactures; and I have cauſe to believe that a united application for ſuch drawbacks will not be rejected.

N. BROOKE, M. D.

Exeter, October 8, 1803.

Narrative of the late Rebellion in Ireland.

(Continued from Page 310.)

THE ſtation which the rebels choſe, when they bent their force toward Gorey, was the hill of Corrigrua, ſeven miles towards the ſouth-weſt from that town. A body of above a thouſand, ſome ſay four thouſand, detached from this poſt, took poſſeſſion of the little village of Ballycannoo, four miles from Gorey, to the ſouth, on the evening of the firſt of June, and were advancing to fix their ſtation on the hill of Ballymanaan, midway between the above-named village and town, when they were met near the village by the garriſon of Gorey, who had marched to ſtop their progreſs. Having returned home the preceding day with my family from Arklow, I happened to be at that time on the road near Gorey, when a man on the top of a houſe cried out to me that all the country to the ſouth was in a blaze; for ſtraggling parties of the rebels attending the motions of the main body had as uſual ſet fire to many houſes. I had hardly got a view of the conflagration, when I heard a diſcharge of muſketry, which continued ſome time without intermiſſion. Since I have learned the particulars of this engagement, I conſider it, though ſmall and unnoticed, as one of the moſt brilliant of the croppy war.

The little army which had marched from Gorey on this occaſion, conſiſted of twenty of the Antrim militia, under Lieutenant Elliot, who directed the movements of the whole; twenty of the North Cork; about fifty yeomen infantry, including ſupplementary men; and three troops of yeomen cavalry, the laſt of whom, I mean all the cavalry, were uſeleſs in battle. As the rebels had not procured accurate intelligence, and as troops from Dublin had been ſome days expected, the cloud of duſt, excited by the little army of Gorey, cauſed them to imagine that a formidable force was coming againſt them. Under this perſuaſion, they diſpoſed not themſelves to the beſt advantage, for they might eaſily have ſurrounded and deſtroyed the little band oppoſed

poſed to them. They attempted it however in a diſorderly manner; but ſo regular and ſteady a fire was maintained by the militia, particularly the Antrim, that the half-diſciplined ſupplementals of the yeomen, encouraged thereby, behaved with equal ſteadineſs; and ſuch was the effect, that the rebels were totally routed, and fled in the utmoſt confuſion in all directions. The yeomen cavalry, notwithſtanding repeated orders from Lieutenant Elliot, delayed too long, through miſtake of one of their officers, to purſue the runaways, otherwiſe a great ſlaughter might have been made. The victorious band advancing, fired ſome houſes in Ballycannoo, and ſpread ſuch a terror, that no attempt was made againſt them from the poſt of Corrigrua; ſo that they returned ſafely to Gorey, with above a hundred captive horſes and other ſpoil.

In this engagement, and all others in the beginning of the rebellion, the rebels elevated their guns too much for execution, ſo that only three loyaliſts were wounded, none killed. The number of ſlain on the oppoſite ſide was probably about ſixty, perhaps near a hundred. Many fine horſes, which the routed party was obliged to leave behind, were by them killed or maimed, that they might be rendered uſeleſs.

The hardineſs and agility of the labouring claſſes of the Iriſh were on this and other occaſions in the courſe of the rebellion, very remarkable. Their ſwiftneſs of foot, and activity in paſſing over brooks and ditches, were ſuch that they could not always in croſſing the fields be overtaken by horſemen; and with ſo much ſtrength of conſtitution were they found to be endued, that to kill them was difficult, many after a multitude of ſtabs not expiring until their necks were cut acroſs. In fact, the number of perſons who in the various battles, maſſacres, and ſkirmiſhes of this war, were ſhot through the body, and recovered of their wounds, has greatly ſurpriſed me.

A ſmall occurrence after the battle, of which a ſon of mine was a witneſs, may help to illuſtrate the ſtate of the country at that time: Two yeomen coming to a brake or clump of buſhes, and obſerving a ſmall motion as if ſome perſons were hiding there, one of them fired into it, and the ſhot was anſwered by a moſt piteous and loud ſcreech of a child. The other yeoman was then urged by his companion to fire; but he being a gentleman, and leſs ferocious, inſtead of firing, commanded the concealed perſons to appear, when a poor woman and eight children, almoſt naked, one of whom was ſeverely wounded, came trembling from the brake, where they had ſecreted themſelves for ſafety.

Diſappointed, by the defeat at Ballycannoo, of taking poſt on Ballymanaan-hill on the firſt of June, and of advancing thence to Gorey on the ſecond, the rebel army on Corrigrua-hill remained in that ſtation till the fourth. Meantime the long and anxiouſly

anxiouſly expected army under Major-general Loftus arrived in Gorey. The ſight of fifteen hundred fine troops, with five pieces of artillery, filled every loyal breaſt with confidence, inſomuch that not a doubt was entertained of the immediate and total diſperſion of the rebels. The plan was to march the army in two diviſions, by two different roads, to the poſt of Corrigua, and to attack the enemy with combined forces, in which attack they expected the co-operation of ſome other troops. But while this arrangement was made, on the 4th of June, by the army, the rebels were preparing to quit Corrigrua, and to march to Gorey; for, by a letter from Gorey to a prieſt named Philip Roche, then in bed in the houſe of Richard Donovan, Eſq. of Ballymore, at the foot of the above-mentioned hill, information was received by the rebel chiefs, about one o'clock in the morning, of the intended motions of the army.

The army began its march in two diviſions, according to the above plan, about the ſame time that the rebels began their's in one body. The latter were met nearly midway between Gorey and Corrigrua by the diviſion under Colonel Walpole.

As no ſcouts nor flanking-parties were employed by this commander, he knew nothing of the approach of the enemy until he actually ſaw them, at the diſtance of a few yards, advancing on him in a place called Tubberneering. Walpole ſeems not to have been deficient in courage. The action commenced in a confuſed manner. The rebels poured a tremendous fire from the fields on both ſides of the road, and he received a bullet through the head in a few minutes. His troops fled in the utmoſt diſorder, leaving their cannon, conſiſting of two ſix-pounders and a ſmaller piece, in the hands of the enemy. They were purſued as far as Gorey, in their flight through which, they were galled by a fire of guns from ſome of the houſes, where ſome rebels had taken their ſtation. The unfortunate loyaliſts of Gorey, who a few minutes before had thought themſelves perfectly ſecure, fled, as many as could eſcape, to Arklow, with the routed army, leaving all their effects behind.

While Walpole's diviſion was engaged with the enemy, General Loftus, marching by a different road, that of Ballycannoo, and hearing the noiſe of battle, detached ſeventy men, the grenadier company of the Antrim regiment of militia, acroſs the fields to its aſſiſtance. This body was intercepted by the rebels, who were in purſuit of the routed army, and almoſt all killed or taken; and as near forty men of Walpole's diviſion were loſt, the detriment on the whole amount was conſiderable. Meanwhile, the general, ignorant of the colonel's fate, and unable to bring his artillery acroſs the fields, continued his march along the highway, and coming round by a long circuit to the

field of battle, he was at laſt made acquainted with the event. He then followed the march of the rebels toward Gorey, and coming within view of them, found them poſted on Gorey-hill, a commanding eminence, at the foot of which the town is built. Convinced that he could neither attack them in their poſt with any proſpect of ſucceſs, nor paſs by them into the town without great hazard, he retreated to Carnew, and in his retreat was ſaluted with a fire of the artillery of the rebels from the top of the hill, whither they had, by the ſtrength of men, drawn the cannon taken from Walpole's men, beſide ſome pieces brought from Wexford. Thinking Carnew an unſafe poſt, though the gentlemen of that neighbourhood thought, and ſtill think, quite otherwiſe, as he was there at the head of twelve hundred effective men, he abandoned that part of the country to the rebels, and retreated nine miles farther, to the town of Tullow, in the county of Carlow.

While one formidable body of the Wexfordian inſurgents was advancing its poſition toward the north, another ſtill more formidable was preparing to attempt the ſame toward the ſouth-weſt. The conqueſt of New Roſs, in that quarter, ſituate on the river formed by the united ſtreams of the Nord and Barrow, would have laid open a communication with the diſaffected in the counties of Waterford and Kilkenny, many thouſands of whom were ſuppoſed ready to riſe in arms at the appearance of their ſucceſsful confederates. The ſeizure of that important poſt, when it might have been effected without oppoſition, on the 29th of May, the day ſucceeding that in which Enniſcorthy had fallen into the hands of the inſurgents, had been vehemently urged at Enniſcorthy, by a chief named Hay, and a great number had agreed to march with him for that purpoſe. Fortunately, on the arrival, already related, of Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by Colclough from Wexford priſon, this plan was for a time laid aſide. Fitzgerald, between whom and Hay an enmity had ſubſiſted, and even a duel been fought, oppoſed the ſcheme of marching to Roſs, and recommended the releaſe of the priſoners in Wexford by the capture of that town. His influence being ſuperior to that of Hay, his propoſal was adopted; and thus Captain Boyd, by ſending this man to Enniſcorthy, prevented a moſt dangerous extenſion of the rebellion.

(To be continued.)

Anecdotes of the Sciences and Arts allied to Mathematics.

[From Bonnycaſtle's Tranſlation of Boſſuet's Hiſtory of Mathematics.]

Persian Calendar.

THE ancient Perſians fixed the length of their ſolar year at 365 days, 6 hours. Theſe 6 hours they rejected from their account

account of the year, except once in every 120 years. At the end of every 120 years, they interpoſed an additional month, to comprehend thoſe hours which had been left for ſo many years unaccounted. When conquered by the Arabs, they were forced to adopt from their conquerors the practice of reckoning by the lunar revolutions of the year. Recovering their national freedom in the year 1079, they returned to the uſe of their ancient calendar, under a correction which was made on it by the famous aſtronomer, Omar Cheyan.

Turkish Colleges.

At the time of the foundation of the Turkiſh empire, there were eſtabliſhed in it not fewer than 1220 medreſſes, or colleges, in which aſtronomy and geometry were taught.

Algebra

Was firſt introduced into Europe by Leonard of Piſa, an Italian merchant, who had acquired a knowledge of this ſcience in a courſe of mercantile voyages to the eaſt.

Spectacles

Were firſt made by Alexander di Spina, a jacobin friar, who died at Piſa in the year 1313.

Paper Manufacture.

Paper, ſuch as we now uſe, was firſt made at an early period in the dark ages. But the manufacture was, in the fourteenth century, exceedingly improved by Ulman Strame, a ſenator of Nuremberg, who contrived a peculiar machine for grinding rags.

The Loadstone.

It was not known in Europe, before the beginning of the twelfth century, that a loadſtone freely ſuſpended, or floating on water by means of a cork, would always point in one direction toward the pole. From the works of Guy de Provins, a French poet, of the twelfth century, we learn, that the mariners of France were the firſt who employed the compaſs to direct the courſe of veſſels at ſea.

On what odd, fantaſtic trifles often hang the fame and the fortune of phyſicians! The famous Fernel, phyſician to Henry the Second of France, is ſaid to have attained to that high favour which he enjoyed at court, in conſequence of having taught the precious ſecret of removing the barrenneſs of Catharine de Medici.

Account of the Eſcape of a French Galley Slave.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE following account of the eſcape of a galley ſlave may perhaps amuſe ſome of your readers: the lady who was his protectreſs I was intimately acquainted with: the particulars were given me on the occaſion of relating a viſit ſhe made to her brother at Marſeilles; and ſhe obſerved, that the ſight of the poor galley-ſlaves, and the knowledge of their ſufferings, very much diminiſhed the pleaſure ſhe ſhould otherwiſe have received from the beauties of the ſurrounding country, and her intercourſe with her friends.

One evening, as a ſervant was going to ſecure the outer door, ſhe perceived a man ſtanding in the paſſage, whoſe appearance ſo much alarmed her, that ſhe ſhrieked out, which brought my friend Madame S———, to enquire the cauſe. The poor man, finding himſelf the object of terror, fell on his knees, and earneſtly intreated they would not turn him into the ſtreet; he told them he had juſt made his eſcape from the gallies, and would ſooner die than return; the maſter of the houſe, who, fully apprized of the danger, was unwilling to harbour him, but his ſiſter's entreaties prevailed, and they lodged him in a cloſet within her chamber, as the only place which might be exempted from the ſearch expected to be made. Nor were their fears groundleſs. The next morning a proclamation was heard throughout Marſeilles, forbidding any perſon to conceal a ſlave who had eſcaped from his irons, and this notice was followed by domiciliary viſits of enquiry.

The terrors of the poor man, on hearing the proclamation, were beyond deſcription; they could ſcarce keep life in him, and his protectors were little leſs alarmed, for as they were of a proteſtant family, and natives of Berne, they were likely to meet with little compaſſion. However, Mr. S. contrived to ſecure the cloſet from inſpection, by repreſenting it as within his ſiſter's chamber, who was confined to her bed by indiſpoſition, and indeed ſhe was but ill able to ſit up to receive ſuch viſiters. This danger being paſt, the next concern was how to diſpoſe of the perſon they had protected, which they happily effected by means of an American veſſel which was to ſail in a few days, and whoſe captain engaged to land him ſafely in New York.

He told his protectors that having gambled away part of his maſter's money, who was a druggiſt in Paris, he ran away from his apprenticeſhip, and fooliſhly enliſted for a ſoldier, of which ſoon repenting, he deſerted, was taken, and ſent to the gallies, from whence he eſcaped, and was protected by my friend.

Z.

Anſwer, by Recluſe, of Awlifcombe, to J. Paſcal's Enigma, inſerted the 29th of Auguſt.

MAN's life is frail, doth quickly paſs away,
Like to the GRASHOPPER, ſo ſhort its ſtay.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Coumbe, of St. German's; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Channon, and W. Seaward, of Ottery; R. Pentreath, of Mouſehole; T. Rutger, of Clowance; R. Finder, of Melbury Oſmond; W. Row, of Wellington; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole; J. Tremlett, and R. Holwell, of Exeter; and A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth.

Anſwer, by J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter, to W. Row's Rebus, inſerted the 29th of Auguſt.

TAUNTON, Sir, without a doubt,
Will make your myſtic rebus out.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Horſey, of Wellington; J. Rouſell, of Lopen; Recluſe, of Awlifcombe; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Juvenis, of South Molton; Laurel Branch, of Parnaſſus; P. Ninnis, of St Auſtell; R. Holwell, and J. Tremlett, of Exeter; E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.

A CHARADE, *by E. Penney, of Honiton, late of Exeter.*

IN tennis-court I've ſeen much ſport,
And made my firſt rebound;
Take Jacob's grandſon for my next,
My whole will then be found:
It names a youthful friend of mine,
Whoſe parts I hope will ſhortly ſhine,
And entertainment give to thoſe
Who do this uſeful book peruſe.

An ENIGMA, *by G. W. of Newton Abbot.*

WHEN to exiſtence nature man firſt calls,
About the infant ſmilingly I toy,
(No burning paſſion then his boſom thralls)
Around him all is happineſs and joy.

Soon vice, rank weed! me ſtrikes with deadly blow,
With hateful malice leading man aſtray;
But man, did he, alas! his weakneſs know,
Siding with me would drive the fiend away.

My aid ſecur'd, his life would paſs in peace,
No jarring intereſts would his calm moleſt;
And when his courſe, by nature here ſhould ceaſe,
Without a ſigh he'd ſink to endleſs reſt.

Since then, O man! from me ſuch bleſſings flow,
With eager ſpeed the ways of vice forſake;
Inceſſant tranſport then thy breaſt will know,
And with remorſe's pangs no more will quake.

POETRY.

OLD ANNA.

[Mr. Pratt, in his recent publication entitled "Loyal Cottagers," thus deſcribes Ann, the ſubject of the following poem: "Ann Earl in her youth is ſaid to have been extremely beautiful. The author remembers her in the ſame houſe upwards of forty years; and in a recent converſation with her finds ſhe has a memory to all which then paſſed."]

THUS genuine people tell their pain,
In words from genuine nature caught,
And thus the Gleaner joins the ſtrain,
The ſame his proſpects and his thought.

For, to this cottage true, he wends,
At length his ſolitary way,
And here awhile, with lowly friends,
He hails declining ſummer's day.

And forth he goes, midſt native grounds,
To claſp a hundred ruſtic hands;
Then fondly ſtrays o'er well-known bounds,
And mixes in the harveſt bands.

And as he ſees the youngling trains,
O'er fragrant fields aſſiduous roam,
He liſtens to their artleſs ſtrains,
Till twilight guides them gently home.

And when their ſounds are heard no more,
And nought but light winds whiſper round,
When toil and paſtime both are o'er,
And weary groupes repoſe profound.

O then how ſoft alone to ſit,
Penſive within this cottage true,
Ere yet the bat has ceaſed to twit,
Ere yet the moon retires from view.

And O how ſweet, at midnight hour,
To breathe a prayer for ſuffering friend,
And ſupplicate the healing power
Some pitying balm from Heaven to ſend.

And ſofter ſtill to hear him ſleep,
Each pain and ſorrow lull'd the while;
And when again the morn doth peep,
Bid him good morrow with a ſmile.

But, lo! how pale that moon-ray peers
On yonder figure, old and poor,
'Tis Anna, of a hundred years,
Who deſcants ſtill of times of yore.

Still vaunts of gay victorious days,
When ſhe and our Firſt George did reign;
The monarch he of lofty lays,
And ſhe the queen of humbler ſtrain.

And now, tho' ſcepter'd beauty's o'er,
And all her lovers in the grave,
The ruſtics, as they paſs her door,
Swear,—"Anna from the foe to "ſave."

She hears the oath, and, with a ſigh,
Thankful extends her wither'd arm,
"The burial place," quoth ſhe, "ſo "nigh
"'Twere hard the foe theſe bones "ſhould harm."

And as the youngling gleaner-band,
On the ſmall head the gatherings bear,
They, too, at Anna's door-way ſtand,
And leave a generous handful there.

And for th' invader—when the corn
Is ſafely ſtor'd, the infant throng
Again can muſter, eve and morn,
Their volunteers, full twenty ſtrong.

The reeds cockade and plume ſupply,
Th' inverted kettle forms a drum,
The ſlight lath arms each little thigh,
"And now let Bonaparte come!

Then ſtoutly forth they march with glee,
An urchin troop with ſpirits wild.
Vow, like their ſires, "they will be "free!"
Thus ſprings the hero from the child.

Yet while for war they ſeem to glow,
The tiny ſoldiers, free from guile,
Forget the world contains a foe,
And ſink in ſlumber, with a ſmile.

And could'ſt thou, man of blood! behold
The villagers and village true,
And John and dame in love grown old,
And not be melted at the view?

And

And not ſuſpend thy gory ſpear,
Nor feel the touch of nature riſe;
Nor at yon white ſtone drop a tear,
Near which the youth and maiden lies!

Ah no! thy tiger rage could ſpeed,
To ſeize upon this cottage true,
Commit each foul and felon deed,
And with its dead the church-yard ſtrew;

And yon white ſtone in ruins lay,
On which the ſweet moon now doth ſhine,
And make the hallow'd bones thy prey,
And mock at love and pity's ſhrine!

Yes, ruthleſs thou! untaught to ſpare
Can'ſt rob the chambers of the grave,
The meek babe from the boſom tear,
Nor mother, nor her infant, ſave.

To thy deſtroying arm muſt yield,
The uſeful ox, the generous ſteed,
And all the treaſures of the field,
And man and beaſt promiſcuous bleed!

With ſtony heart, and weepleſs eye,
Thou tak'ſt thy ſacrilegious round,
Stabbing the labourers as they lie,
In toil's ſweet ſlumber wrapped profound.

Nor cradled infancy, nor age
Bed-rid, or crutch'd, nor orphans' moan,
Can 'ſcape thy all-devouring rage,
Nor matron's ſhriek, nor father's groan!

O then by all that crowns your lives,
By friendſhips true, and loves ſincere,
By ſpotleſs daughters, blameleſs wives,
Kinſfolks and kings, and country dear:

Riſe, riſe, ye huſbandmen and ſwains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm, ye poor;
Defenders of your native plains,
Spurn the invader from your door:

Or ſhould he to your iſle advance,
O let your ſcythes to ſabres turn,
Convert the ſickle to the lance,
Till e'en the crook ſhall laurels gain.

So ſhall the loud and jovial laugh,
Still gaily ſpread from ſheaf to ſheaf;
And peace return, as proud you quaff
The downfall of the Gallic chief!

So ſhall your villages and plains,
Your farms and cots be ſtill your thrones,
So thrive your damſels, dames, and ſwains;
And quiet reſt poor Anna's bones.

Then riſe! ye huſbandmen and ſwains;
Arm, arm, ye rich, and arm, ye poor;
Defend your dear and native plains,
And ſpurn the invader from your door.

ADELINE.

OH! who is ſhe, the woods among,
Where yon aerial mountains tower,
And where the river rolls along,
That loves to ſtray, and weave her bower?

What time the ſun, diſpenſing bright,
The purple morning far and wide,
Bids his proud courſers, cloath'd in light,
Far up the pure cerulean ride,

Her have I mark'd, delighted, ſcale
The mountain, rob'd in living green,
And heard her wild harp in the gale;
Her's is no common harp, I ween!

And when the wan moon's yellow beam,
Checquering the wood-walks of the fair,
Play'd in the boſom of the ſtream,
Still mark'd her ſoudly ling'ring there.

Tis her's the power, with charmful lyre,
When cold the blaſts of winter ſweep,
To calm the demon's moody ire,
And huſh his warring winds to ſleep,

Her, nature, in thy haunts detain;
Th' enchantreſs bears a harp divine,
And oft ſhall ſooth thee with its ſtrain,
The wild wood-harp of Adeline!

The FALLING LEAF, *A* SONG, *By* J. KENNY, *Eſq.*

A Leaf that, wafted by the gale,
Long brav'd the troubled air,
At length in Laura's boſom fell,
In peace to ſhelter there.

Poor luckleſs maid! a faithleſs ſwain
Had fill'd that breaſt with care,
And Laura never could regain
The peace he baniſh'd there.

"Ah filly leaf!" ſhe cried, "if reſt
"Hath fled the troubled air,
"A ſtorm more dread diſturbs this
"breaſt,
"Then ſeek no ſhelter there!"